State His Society

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JUST FOR FUN.

Asleep, our dear old grandpa sat
Before the fire in his armchair
Dreaming perhaps of other days,
When he and grandma both were fair.

Of what he dreamed we did not care
So long as he asleep did stay,
For we were planning, just for fun,
On him a little joke to play.

We racked our brains to think which one
Would be the simplest and the best.
At last we thought 'twould be such fun
If he were in a fool's-cap drest.

Then with a zest we went to work,
And soon the cap was made and on;
Surely by wiser fool, methinks,
That pointed cap was never worn.

Full of suspense, impatient, too,
Till from his nap he should awake,
So anxious were we, that we thought
A nap so long he ne'er did take.

At last he opened wide his eyes,
Seeming to wonder why 'twas still;
But soon was heard on every side;
"O grandpa! you must! you will!"

"Come look! don't wait, come right along!"
The dear old man was pulled away
To where the best long mirror hung
In parlor, where we could not stay
(Except on some high holiday).

He laughed as hearty as the rest;
Then with a teardrop in his eye
He said: "My cap I humbly doff
To those who wiser are than I."

We never shall forget that time;
We felt like sinking through the floor;
For play no more cared we that day
Though full of sport we'd been before.

Old age is sacred, little friends;
For round a life that's well-nigh done
A heavenly light doth seem to shine;
Reflection 'tis of setting sun.

—Somerville Journal.

SHADOW OF A THOUGHT.

BY HARRY LANDER.

Fred Selfton was melancholy, apparently without any just cause. He had spent a very pleasant day in the execution of his duties in the shelving department of the home office, where he had read the morning paper, washed his hands three times, chaffed Bertie Gapes and heard the latest gossip from Tommy Townie. Then Tommy had taken him to the Junior Gatherium to recuperate, and his journey down to Ealing had been most comfortable. It was a pleasant afternoon in the early summer, his little villa looked particularly bright and comfortable, and he still had an hour to lounge away before dinner, which was the most cherished aim of his daily life. Yet he sighed as he opened the door and entered his home.

Kate had taken the baby to see her mother, but would be back to dinner. This was not unusual, but upon this occasion it struck him as being very inconsiderate of her. Having performed his toilet he wandered mournfully about the garden. Then retiring to his study—a misnomer, for he was guiltless of such folly—he lit a cigarette and flung himself into an easy-chair with the air of a man weary of existence. Had his wife been present she would have wondered anxiously what calamity had overtaken them, but the fact was nothing more alarming than that her lord and master was suffering from what is technically termed "the hump."

The other men in his room had been discussing holidays. Gapes was saving himself for a month's salmon fishing in Sunderlandshire, Townie contemplated billeting himself upon his cousin, who was attached to the embassy at Vienna. Williamson was engaged for a yachting cruise to Norway, and Elliot had raved of the green golf links at Eastbourne. He had yawned dismally and mentioned Herne bay, with the wife and family, in tones which quite justified Townie in holding him up as an awful example of premature matrimony.

Now, in his heart he called himself a fool, for in these days a man of thirty is too young for such responsibilities and—well, privations. Of course, he had been quite infatuated with Kitty, as were several better men. The first year of their married life had been as charming as the last chapter of a three-volume novel, and he had never enjoyed anything so much as that delightful scamper about the continent they had together. Now, there was the baby, a jolly little chap, but a responsibility, and a somewhat costly one. After all, there was sound wisdom in Townie's cynicism. There are two aspects of the marriage question, usually considered before and after. He was just realizing the unpleasant one.

He had never seen the club look more cozy than it did that afternoon. He had been welcomed by a crowd of men, the pleasant associates of a past life, who seemed genuinely happy to meet him again. He had been a very popular man, and some of them still remembered his little evenings in Gray's inn. What pleasant rooms they were, to be sure. At one time he used to think that Kitty had sacrificed a great deal when she married him, but perhaps the renunciation was not so one-sided as he had imagined. For instance, there was the club. He could no longer afford to go there, and with it he had renounced all intellectual society. Kitty's people and their neighbors were rich and respectable. Most admirable of their kind, they ate, drank, slept, and made money; withal, most worthy creatures, but particularly unentertaining. Mr. Turner, her father, was a type—a kindly, honorable man, but without the slightest artistic or literary culture; he could talk for hours of his business, and knew more about tallow than any other man in England. Fortunately, his pride of this distinction was slightly mitigated by the fact that he was also a connoisseur of wines. His sons wore riding breeches on Sunday mornings and read "The Lunar Month" in their bedrooms. His eldest daughter was gifted with sufficient religious enthusiasm for ten such families, while Mrs. Turner was motherly in the extreme.

His thoughts wandered to Georgie de Vaux, his old college chum, who had shared those Gray's inn chambers. He was always bright and witty, he could dance all night and work all day, pull a good oar, sail a half-rater against the best, walk fifty miles, ride like a centaur, sing, drink and gamble, with never a headache or a touch of repentance. Then the gay assemblage of actors, artists and literary men, who would there fore-gather to talk of any and everything, more especially of the great things they were going to do. And by no means the least were those jolly holidays upon the river, the sea, and the continent. Faugh! it was awful to contemplate; a whole month at a seaside boarding house. Yawn over the newspaper all the morning, or make the acquaintance of those objectionable persons who, adorned with yacting caps, grace the esplanade and indulge in many "morning bitters." Lunch, boredom, dinner, boredom intensified by a drawing-room filled with old spinsters, giggling girls, and youths who persist in singing, with the mistaken idea of amusing the sufferers.

The shadows deepened in the corners of the room as the twilight died away. The house was perfectly still, the garden looked cold and gloomy. It was the silence and gloom of sorrow, for his home was a house of mourning. Crossing the room wearily, he peeped into the garden of dim shadows, pressing his feverish face against the cool glass; his dry eyes were heavy with anguish. Only two years ago they had planted those shrubs and flowers. She with her little hands encased in huge leather gloves, he in his flannels, wielding a spade like a true son of Adam. And the flowers still bloomed in their Eden, but he must pace its paths alone. Other hands would pluck those flowers, and other lovers sit in the arbor where they had so often watched the moonlight silver the rustling leaves. He had lounged there with his pipe, careless and happy, as she nestled at his side, often in silence, sometimes whispering sweet confidences.

By one whirl of the wheel of life it was in the past, but still unburied.

Sinking into his chair he rested his head upon his hands. It was very, very dark. So swift and sudden had the trouble come upon him that it still seemed like the haunting memories of a terrible dream. But a few months ago he was happy in the sweet companionship of his wife; now he was alone.

Happiness in this world depends largely upon ability to forget. It was not without a feeling of pleasure that he had accepted De Vaux's invitation to rejoin him in Gray's Inn. The rooms seemed more comfortable than before, and the freedom was delightful. As the band upon his hat became narrower, the restraint, prompted by sympathy, with which men regarded him, died away. He drifted back to the old life with a feeling of pleasant expectancy, but to find the world had changed. It surprised him to discover how selfish De Vaux had become, while the manners of their "set" pained him. Their brilliancy seemed to have given place to flash gaseousness, originality to carping contentiousness; wit was now insolent abuse, and humor positive vulgarity. Yet they were the same actors without a "shop," authors without a publisher, and less extraordinary imbeciles without an object in life. With indolent interest he used to expect great things from some of them, but they were still squatting in the mire. The Junior Gatherium had been refurnished, and the cooking was excellent, but the same decline was noticeable among the members. The tales old Badboy narrated in his corner of the smoking-room were, to say the least, unfit for publication, yet the old fellow was his most cherished acquaintance in the bygone days. The place abounded in loud-voiced boys of a new and, to him, most objectionable species. The past belongs to the past; a man cannot live his life again.

"Poor old fellow, I don't care to say disagreeable things about him, but, really, he had become a most selfish beggar," said De Vaux, leaning against the mantel-piece.

"Marriage spoils a man utterly," said his friend as he knocked the ashes from his pipe on to the carpet. "You ought to get married again, he's no good for anything else."

"He used to be such a jolly, easy-going fellow, now he growls at everything. The way he bullies our unfortunate laundres is shocking. When he wakes up, he'll make you sweep those ashes from the floor."

"The side the man puts on, his assumption of virtue, and the way he sneers at us really annoys me. He is a skeleton at every feast, looks as shocked as a curate if a man tells a racy tale, and actually called old Soaker a cad because he could not walk downstairs. I remember bringing him home in a cab two or three years ago, and he yelled comic songs all the way."

"It's awful," said De Vaux, with a laugh; "last Sunday he came in while I was having afternoon tea with some ladies, and simply turned upon his heel, and slammed the door as he went out."

"Well, I'm afraid you can't poison him and put him out of his misery."

"He is not our old Selfton, theaters bore him, the halls are disgusting. He won't dance, does not drink enough to enliven a healthy child, smokes in a corner and growls. At the club no one can understand him. He has tried the river, galf, the Solent, the card room, and Paris, all in vain. I don't know what to do with him. You remember our last little supper party here. Well, he got it up, and was perfectly disgusted with everything and everybody, yet all the boys were old friends."

"Yes, I'm afraid he is incurable—"

"Yes, I am," cried Selfton, springing from the sofa upon which he had been sleeping. "I'm a nuisance to myself and all of you. I can't forget the two happy years of my life, and I can never live them again. I'll go into some corner and wait patiently for the future, since I cannot go back to the past."

"Isn't he a lazy dadda, snoring like big bow-wow when baby wants to see him?"

"Why, Kitty," he said, dreamily, awaking with a start, "is it really you?"

"Really me, silly boy. Whom else did you expect, sir?" she asked, waving the baby before him.

"Come to me, sonnie," he cried, laughing gayly. "See how eager the little chappie is, Kate."

Then, as Philly nestled on his shoulder, clutching vainly at his mustache, he drew her down onto his knee, and said, softly: "By Jove, darling, how I have missed you."

"Poor boy, it is too bad of me to run home to my mother so often, isn't it? But I've such news for you. Father is going to launch out awfully. He is actually going to buy a yacht."

"A yacht?"

"Yes; the boys are becoming so horsey. You know how he detests that sort of thing. So this is to cure them. You are to be captain, and he is coming over after dinner to consult you. Isn't it charming?"

"Rather; we won't go to Herne bay for our vacation, eh, little girl?"

"Herne bay, indeed! What ever made you think of such a place?"—Black and White.

Capricious Young Queen.

A pretty little story about Wilhelmina, the girl queen of Holland, has just found its way into the Dutch papers. The queen is at present only fourteen years of age, and she is credited with even a larger measure of caprice and precocity than is usually granted to less exalted young ladies at that interesting period of life. Her mother, the queen regent, therefore thinks it well at times to deal somewhat severely with Wilhelmina's little ways. Lately the young queen, desiring to speak to her mother, knocked—not, perhaps, in the most dignified fashion—at the door of the room in which the queen regent was engaged.

"Who is there?"

"It is the queen of Holland!" imperiously.

"Then she must not enter," peremptorily.

At this rebuff the little queen suddenly changed her tactics, and, softening her tones, said winningly: "Mamma, it is your own little daughter that loves you and would like to kiss you."

"You may come in." And so Wilhelmina wins her way into the heart of the most phlegmatic of Dutchmen.—Chicago Tribune.

—Most of the distinguished women of Greece belonged to what is now called the outcast class.

QUADRUPED HEROES.

Dogs of France that Have Had Military Funerals.

A Paris paper tells the story of several dogs who have received in France, or in the French colonies, the honors of a military funeral. It is customary with many companies in French regiments, and especially with those stationed in Algeria, to have a company pet, and this pet is oftener a dog than anything else.

These dogs supplement in Africa, very usefully, the work of the sentinels at night. They not only give warning of the coming of a human enemy, but also of the stealthy approach of jackals and other beasts of prey.

One of these company dogs, Dellys by name, warned the detachment to which he belonged of an ambuscade while on the march in a hostile country. The soldiers themselves were ignorant of the Arab trap, and would have fallen into it if the dog, marching in advance, had not flown yelping at the rocks behind which the savages were concealed.

In reward for this service Dellys was formally made a sergeant, and wore proudly on all dress occasions the galons, or insignia of his rank. When he died he was buried with military honors.

A military picture by a noted artist, preserved in Paris, commemorates another such funeral—the burial of a dog named Moustache. This animal was also a "company pet" in Algeria. He went into an engagement with his company, and received a wound which necessitated the amputation of one of his forelegs.

In due time Moustache's comrades presented him with a wooden leg; and instead of retiring to live at the "Invalides," or soldiers' home, for the rest of his life, as a human veteran with a wooden leg would have done, he continued to stump around with his company until he had filled out the measure of his days.

Then he was given a military funeral; and the artist who witnessed it perpetuated the fame of it on canvas.—Youth's Companion.

RESIGNED FROM THE CABINET.

High State Officials Who Have Tired of Their Honors.

From the beginning of the government until 1876 there had been 207 cabinet officers appointed by the presidents of the United States, and of these 77 had resigned their offices. Eight of the 27 secretaries of state had retired from office prematurely, 12 of the 31 secretaries of the treasury, 12 of the 40 secretaries of war, 13 of the 30 secretaries of the navy, 11 of the 27 postmasters-general, 15 of the 38 attorneys-general, 6 of the 14 secretaries of the interior. There was no secretary of agriculture before 1886, but that office would not enter into consideration anyway, for no one yet has resigned it.

Of the postmasters-general, 2 resigned because of the death of a president. Whenever the vice-president of the United States has succeeded to the presidency by the president's death, the members of the cabinet have tendered their resignations to give him an opportunity to select his own advisers. In rare cases the new president has asked some of the old cabinet officers to remain. As a rule, he has chosen his heads of departments from his own political friends and advisers.

Montgomery Blair resigned the postmaster-generalship in Lincoln's cabinet because he was not entirely in accord with the president's policy. William Dennison, an appointee of Lincoln, resigned because he did not get on with Lincoln's successor. Marshall Jewell went out with Secretary Bristow, whom he had supported vigorously in his attack on the whisky ring. R. J. Meigs, Jr., resigned because of failing health, after a service of nine years. Samuel Osgood gave up office because the seat of federal government was moved from New York city.

Men soon tired, as a rule, of the labor demanded by the government, with its accompaniment of nervous anxiety over the distribution of offices and the question of party policy in little things and great. Dissatisfaction with the drudgery of the office and its meager rewards has led many men to retire from cabinet positions.—Harper's Weekly.

Housecleaning Times.

Many paused before the hand organ and listened to its rude melody.

"There's no place like home," droned the organ.

Tears sprang to the eyes of the man with the dusty hat.

"There's no place like home."

"I hope not," sighed the man, for his thoughts were with the bare, wet floors and a dinner of cold potato on the top of the sewing machine.—Detroit Tribune.

FLOWERS IN VASES.

Different Arrangements Are Varyingly Effective.

There is a choice in vases. All flowers look better in vases of clear crystal or pressed glass than in those of china, however rare the ware or artistic its decoration. Porcelain vases of graceful form and coloring are really completed ornaments in themselves, and they detract from the beauty of flowers, while their own conventional daintiness also loses by the contact. Another reason for choosing clear-glass vases and jars is that through them we can catch a glimpse of stems, and this gives the flowers a more graceful, finished appearance. When opaque vases are used, those in one plain, dull color, which pottery dealers call monotone, are the prettiest, a contrasting tint to the main color of the blossoms being selected. Imagine a dull-blue vase filled with the black-eyed Susans of the roadside, and you have the idea.

There is, too, a choice in placing the vase. Large flowers of vivid tints can be put further away from the looker-on, and yet lose none of their effectiveness or be unseen. But in fine flowers, like the forget-me-not or a cluster of heliotrope, would be lost on a mantel or high shelf. Put the delicate blossoms where their dainty color, form, or perfume can appeal to everyone, while the massed and gaudy splendor of larger flowers may serve to deck a dull corner or a shady, somber room.

A pretty conceit is to put in each one's own room bouquets of the flowers best loved. This is a small matter, but in discovering these favorite blossoms the home decorator will grow attentive and considerate, and perhaps learn other ways of giving pleasure to those to whom he or she owes much.

Some flowers display themselves best in low, or saucer, boquets and often thoughtless persons will give away the flowers almost bereft of stems. Moist sand or moss is particulary good to place such short-stemed flowers in, as they are better kept in position. But the velvet pansies, with their modest faces, have an unexpected trick of curling up their stems in saucer bouquets. They are better controled in small vases, the blossoms standing upright, just as they nod to us from the garden bed.

Place vases when arranged as gracefully as possible before a mirror, either on the mantel or dressing case, or hang a small looking glass or sconce behind the table whereon the flowers are put. A simple bouquet of a half-dozen single scarlet poppies, with long stems and their own leaves, a few daisies and sprays of oats, reflected in a plain mirror, make a long-remembered double picture of grace and beauty rarely seen, even when costly roses and ferns are freely to be had.—N. Y. Times.

IN COOLING JELLY.

Always Cover It to Keep Out Malignant Germs.

"My husband," said a physician's wife not long ago, "chanced too see one day, standing on a shelf outside our kitchen window, some moulds of jelly cooling for the night's dinner. They were uncovered, as they were out of reach of cats, and in full view of cook's watchful eye; but he questioned me about them, and asked if it was our usual custom to leave jelly thus unprotected. I was obliged to reply that, so far as I knew, it was. 'Then,' he said, 'don't you know that when we medical men want to secure minute organisms for investigation, we expose gelatine to the air or in places where we have confined malignant germs? The gelatine speedily attracts and holds them. I'm afraid your flavored gelatine does the same. Cool the jelly if you must, but cover it with a piece of close muslin.' And we have always done that since then."

It is to be feared that kitchen processes are sources of illness more often then is imagined. In many city houses the little kitchen annex where stands the refrigerator, and where various eatables are kept, is directly against a drain. Yet here stand daily uncovered milk, butter, often custards and puddings, and various other absorbents. The average cook is absolutely ignorant of sanitary cause and effect, and the eternal vigilance of the house mother is the family's chief safeguard.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

An Oklahoma Coroner.

Tourist—Dr. Slade, the coroner, seems to be a very enterprising man.

Col. Handy Polk—Enterprisin'! You bet! Tell you what he done last summer when the circus was here. One of the curiosities in the side show was an Egyptian mummy. Slade seized the mummy, rounded up a jury, brought in a verdict of "dead from unknown causes," and charged the county his regular fee with compound interest from the time of Moses.—Truth.

PITH AND POINT.

—I had rather believe all the fables in the Talmud and the Koran than that this universal frame is without a mind.—Bacon.

—She—"Men think they know everything." He—"Well, if it wasn't for that the women couldn't fool them."—Detroit Tribune.

—The arrows of sarcasm are barbed with contempt. It is the sneer in the satire or ridicule that galls and wounds.—W. Gladden.

—Male Inquisitor—"What page of the women's paper did the women read first?" Female Philosopher—"The men's page."—Buffalo Express.

—"You say the colonel is a great military man?" "A perfect hero." "What's his record?" "Seventeen oaths a minute."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Bookkeeper—"I see by the paper that our customer, Scudkins, is married." Fashionable Tailor—"Indeed! I shall be sorry to lose him."—Clothier and Furnisher.

—We can't tell you, Constant Reader, what days are considered unlucky to be married on. Authorities differ; some say three hundred and sixty-five.—Philadelphia Record.

—Sub-Editor—"How is Pennington on spelling, anyway?" Editor—"Well, he is a little too quaint for ordinary English, and not quaint enough for dialect."—Somerville Journal.

—Watts—"Did you try the hot-water cure for your cold?" Potts—"Yes. It is simply great, too. You see, I mixed it with a little whisky and lemon, and I never had anything to slip down so easy."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"In all my career," said the eminent statesman, "I can say that I have never done anything to be ashamed of." "You mean," sneered the cynic, "that you have never done anything you were ashamed of."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Chess and the Mind.—Mr. King—"Do you think, as they are now discussing, that chess has an injurious effect on the mind?" Mrs. Queen—"Indeed, I do. If I had to keep as still as a chess player does, I'd explode."—Detroit Free Press.

—"O, papa, what makes old Mr. Grabenheimer walk so stoop-shouldered? He looks like a horseshoe." "I have heard, my son, that many years ago, when he was a very little boy no bigger than you are now, he found a cent."—Life.

—Gipsy (telling an elderly coquette's fortune from the lines of her hand)—"I am sorry to tell the young lady that she will pass through a serious illness in her twentieth year." Lady—"Good gracious!" (Sighs and gives the gipsy a dollar.)—Fliegende Blatter.

—Tommy—"Paw, what is an egotist?" Mr. Figg—"He is a man who thinks he is smarter than anyone else." Mrs. Figg—"My dear, you have thought wrong. The egotist is the man who says he is smarter than any one else. All men think that way."—Indianapolis Journal.

—First New Woman—"That Mrs. Umphry is horribly lacking in manners." Second New Woman—"What's the matter?" First New Woman—"I saw her in a street car the other day when a number of gentlemen entered, and she never offered to give up her seat to them."—Chicago Record.

—Chicago Wine Comes Cheap.—Customer—"A table d'hote dinner, including a bottle of good wine, for seventy-five cents? Yes, that's cheap enough; but I don't care for any wine and I can't afford it. How much will it be without the wine?" Waiter—"I'll do what's right with you, boss. You can have the dinner without the wine for seventy cents, sah."—Chicago Tribune.

MASCULINE VANITY.

Why the Young Men Keep Their Hats in Their Hands.

They were lunching at an ice cream parlor, and the girl in blue said to the girl in gray:

"Have you noticed that when the young men meet us nowadays they not only lift their hats off their heads, but hold them in their hands while passing."

"Yes; isn't it dear of them. Shows such fine manners, don't you think?"

"Wait a bit. You imagine, as I did, that they went through all that performance out of deference to our superior attractions. My dear, I have found it out—it is themselves they worship."

"What do you mean?"

"They carry small mirrors in the crowns of their hats, and every time a girl bows to them they take the opportunity to see their own faultless features."

"The sweet things!" ejaculated the girl in gray, "and yet they accuse us of being vain."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.